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PORTRAIT OF THE REV. WILLIAM GILL;
LATE OF DELAWARE.

WILLIAM GILL was well known in the states of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and New-Jersey: and his memory is very precious to some at this time: and if it were possible to shew the excellency of his mind, it would be precious to generations yet to come; for he was one of those gems which the bosom of America did bear; and one of those flowers, that had it not been for a revolution, must have

"*Wasted its sweetness in the desert air.*"

For he was born without a fortune, and of course must never have looked for any thing more than to be a good farmer or mechanic: the latter was his lot; he served an apprenticeship with a tailor, and was a proficient in the trade. But after the declaration of Independence, there was a spirit of enquiry in those parts; for different denominations were preaching from place to place, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and people began to find all was not gold that shined; therefore they ventured to ask, for the right way.

In this time of inquiry, William saw by grace, he must be saved through faith, and that not of himself, for it is the gift of God. His heart received it with pleasure, and replied, if it is the gift of my Creator, I need not go

far for it, nor despair of it. He began to ask by prayer, and wait as the servant waiteth for his master, or the eyes of the maid is to her mistress: and it pleased God, for Christ's sake, to give him the knowledge of his acceptance with him, by pardoning his sins, and speaking to his soul the life-giving word, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Then the bible became his treasure: he read and meditated on it day and night, with prayer to understand it: claiming the promise; "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not." He found his mind daily expanding, and saw that the world was in darkness, and that the ignorance of men was great, and, as he understood the bible, their end must be inglorious. This made him think, "do I do well to sit still, and not tell what I have found and enjoy? I have a feast, while the world hath a famine for the word of God!" He began to tell his neighbours what God had done for him: they stood astonished, and said, "is not this William the young taylor? whence hath he this knowledge of scripture? surely he served his time among us! what a man might he have made if he had had a college education;" not knowing that he had been taught of God, and been with Jesus, who never faileth to have wise pupils.

It was observed that he grew in grace daily, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, viz. the necessity of the atonement Christ made for the sin of the world; and that as the jubilee trump must needs be sounded, so must the glad tidings of salvation be promulgated, and who should do this but those who know it: who shew forth the glory of God, but the people he had made for himself? Being encouraged by some of the faithful ministers of Jesus, he, after much prayer, fasting and reading, ventured to speak to a congregation, the things he had learned of Christ. His words were weighty; conviction flashed in the conscience of the guilty; the pious were edified, and gave glory to the Most High, for the gifts he had imparted to men, and for the honour that the divine Redeemer was conferring on the people of America. Finding people thus affected, he was encouraged to make some further attempts, as a

young eagle newly fledged, trieth his wings a little distance first, and as he finds strength, ventures out farther every day, till at length he mounts out of sight of land, borne up by his plumage; so Gill found the everlasting arms to bear him up. He then gave himself up to call sinners to repentance, and to comfort them that mourn in Zion. His endeavours were crowned with success; wherever he went he was made a blessing, and no wonder, for he was a pattern to all who knew him, for sobriety, application, prayer and preaching. As to the first, he was truly examplary; for in what company he might be, he never appeared but as becometh the man of God. Serious in his carriage, watchful of his words, they always tended to edification: in no one instance was he ever known to desert the dignity of the Christian and Minister; no, not in the most trying time, such as when men of the same standing and profession, are sequestered from the observation of weak censorious minds, they are apt to change sentences, anecdotes, &c. which are unprofitable and wounding to the tender mind of those who know they should be always sober and spend time to the best advantage. But Gill was kept from this; solemn in the pulpit, in the world, in the parlour, and in the bed-chamber.

His application was great: he seemed to be inspired with an idea that he had not one moment to loose. He stopped not at any attainment, but studied day and night all those sciences which he conceived to be connected with his profession. By this he became one of the first self-taught men in America, or in the world, considering his opportunity; for at that time books and scientific men were scarce in America, especially in those parts where his lot was cast: yet he attained to a knowledge of the Greek and Latin, so as to be able to read and construe almost any book he found in those languages; he was an excellent compositor, an understanding philosopher, moral and natural, an historian, and understood well the theory of physic; so that his physician, Doctor Anderson of Chester-town, Maryland, at whose house he had his last illnesss, spoke to him concerning his fever more like a consulting physician than a patient.

His sobriety and application fitted him for the all im-

portant work of prayer, and preaching; for how shall a man speak to God for the people, without sobriety, and how speak to sinners for Christ, after telling a parcel of vague, laughable anecdotes; who will believe a man when drollery, and what is called witicisms, followeth him to the very pulpit stairs, and meets him again as soon as he cometh down, (if it should stay away till then?) but he being always solemn, was always in a frame of mind to approach the throne of grace in the name of Christ, for himself and the people, and to speak to the people for his God. He had an extensive, and almost universal knowledge of the old and new testaments, which he made his main study, from his conversion till his death; therefore, as a scribe taught of God, he brought out of that sacred treasure, things new and old, to the glory of him who called him, and to the edification of the people, who were astonished at his discourses, and the wisdom which he had in delivering them. His delivery was not pleasant to the ear, but it was powerful to instruct and solid to support fair virtue's throne. He preached from house to house through the peninsula, for near eight years, before he received orders, and then, from church to church, above four years more. He led devotion among the people, in congregations great and small, about six thousand times. His constitution was delicate, yet his health was preserved, though he spent most of his time in parts not favourable to it. He had received an impression that he had the small-pox very young, and therefore took no care to get inoculation or to shun it, he was taken ill at Dover, in Delaware, and supposed he had taken a great cold, took sweats, and kept in a warm room, till to the great surprise of his physician, he found the small-pox upon him, which of course he had very severe and barely escaped with his life; but he bore this affliction with all the patience of a christian. Aftet his recovery, he went on with his labours for three years, or there about, and took a bilious fever, it became putrid, and finished his pilgrimage. A few days before he died he conversed critically on the subject of baptism from the original. His observations are fresh in my mind, but the design of this work forbids any thing con-

troversal; he had even then a special regard to the precious doctrines of the gospel, he set up and conversed like a man in health. On the physician coming in and examining his pulse, &c. said "Mr. Gill, you are very sick what fever is this, ? is it bilious or putrid ?" he replied, "it partakes of both," but with no more dismay than if the physician had said, "sir, you will be well enough to go twenty miles to-morrow." I took my leave then of him, and in so doing had the pleasure of pressing the hand of one of the disciples of Jesus, and one of the excellent sons of the church of America. O that such a spirit like Elijah's mantle resting on Elisha, might rest on me, and on all called to that dignified station, of ministering in the church of Christ, which he hath purchased with his blood. With strong assurance of faith, and much consolation of the spirit, and with perfect resignation to the will of God, he departed this life in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine.

ON THE SOUL OF MAN

(Continued from page 41.)

LET us consider what vast esteem the soul is in their Judgment, who, we must needs believe, best know the worth of it; and that is the whole world of spirits. For surely spirits must best know the excellency of spirits; because they have a clearer insight into each others nature, and a more immediate prospect of the virtue, power, and excellency of each others faculties. For as for us, whilst we are in this embodied state, and do understand by corporeal organs, we generally judge of the worth and excellency of things by the impression they make upon our senses; and as these are more or less gratified and affected with them, we set a higher or lower value upon them. Since, therefore, spirits are a sort of beings that cannot touch or affect our bodily senses, it is impossible we should be competent judges of the true worth and value of them; and therefore, in this matter,

we ought to be guided by the judgment of spirits, who must needs be supposed to have a more intimate acquaintance with one another's natures; and if we will be guided by these, we shall find the whole world of spirits, even from the highest to the lowest, unanimously rating the soul of man at an inestimable price and value: and to make this appear, I shall shew you the vast price there is set upon them.

Let us consider the vast price which God the Father hath set upon souls; for when he intended to form these noble beings, and transmit them into terrestrial bodies, that so being compounded with a sensative nature, they might clasp the spiritual and animal worlds together; he being sensible of the vast hazards and infinite snares they would be exposed to, was so deeply concerned for their preservation, that he thought nothing too dear to save and secure them: and foreseeing their fall from that terrestrial happiness for which he originally designed them, notwithstanding the liberal care he had taken to preserve them in the state of innocence, he designed to remove the scene of their happiness from earth to heaven; being resolved, if possible, to repair the loss of a terrestrial with a celestial paradise. For which end, instead of the covenant of innocence, the blessings whereof, by their sin, they had forever forfeited, he introduced the covenant of repentance, that so, by the help of this plank, after their general ship-wreck, they might be preserved, and go safe to the shore of a happy eternity. And that by this covenant, he might the more effectually recover them, he designed to grant it to them in such a way, and upon such a wise and weighty consideration, as might at once affect them with the greatest sense of his love, and the deepest awe of his severity; that so, whilst by the former he allured, by the latter he might terrify to repentance. To which end he determined not to grant it to them upon any other consideration than that of another's suffering for them, and undergoing the punishment of their sin in their stead: that so, whilst he shewed his love to them in admitting another to suffer for them, he might express his hatred to their sin in not pardoning it without another's suffering. And that he might manifest this his love to them, and this his hatred to their sin, in the highest de-

gree, as he admitted another to suffer for us, so he resolved to accept no meaner sufferer than that of his own beloved Son : and that this his suffering might be the more effectual, he proposed to send him down to us into this lower world, cloathed in our natures, that so he might not only the more familiarly instruct us by his doctrine and example, but the more exactly personate us in undergoing the punishment of our sin ; and upon his undertaking to undergo it, the most merciful Father agreed to this covenant of mercy, by which he obliged himself to receive us into his favour upon our unfeigned repentance ; and impowered his Son to govern us according to the tenor of it ; that is, to crown us with the rewards of it if we repented, and to inflict on us the punishments of it if we went on in our impenitence. And that there might be nothing wanting to render this government of his Son successful, and us obedient to it, he also agreed upon this his mighty undertaking, to substitute to him the Holy Ghost, to be the supreme minister of his government ; that so, by the agency of this vicarious power, he might bow and incline the hearts of men to submit unto him, and comply with the terms of this merciful covenant, in which their everlasting welfare is so abundantly provided for.

This is the mighty project which for the sake of the souls of men, the Father of spirits hath contrived, and upon which he hath acted and proceeded, even from their first fall to this very moment ; and by this he hath most plainly expressed the high, and great veneration that he hath of them ; for doubtless, had they not been exceeding precious in his eyes, he would never have thought it worth the while to project and act, such mighty things to redeem and save them, he would rather have left them to their own fate, and not have concerned himself about them, or not have concerned himself to that degree, as to make them the subjects of such a vast design ; for all wise agents measure their designs by the worth and value of the things they aim at, and do never lay great projects for the sake of little trifles.

Let us consider the vast price which God the son hath set upon souls ; for it is plain, he valued them at that

mighty rate, that for their sake he willingly undertook to execute this vast design of his father, and that to save these precious beings, he thought it would be very well worth his while to come down from heaven, and vail his divinity in our nature, to put on the form of a servant, and to make himself of no reputation, to live a miserable life, and die a painful, and shameful death! And can we think he would ever have laid down so vast a price, as his glory, and his life and blood amounts to, for things of a mean and inconsiderable value? Had he so low an esteem of his father's bosom, and his own heavenly glory, as to part with them for trifles; such slight apprehensions of shame and sorrow, pain and misery, as to cast himself into them, for the sake of beings he had little or no esteem for; could any thing but what is inestimable, countervail that glory he parted with, and that misery he endured; or can you think those souls of little worth, which the son of God thought worth dying for? No, certainly if we knew nothing of our souls but this, that the son of God thought them a good purchase at the dear price of his bliss, his glory, and his blood; yet, from thence we have infinite reason to conclude them most precious and inestimable beings.

(To be continued.)

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF MARIA M. LANGERFIELD,

LATE WIDOW AT SEREPTA.

☞ *THIS account was translated from a copy she left in the German language.*

"I was born in the year 1733, at Asswailer, in Lorraine, (France) where my father was a corn merchant. In my seventh year I had to leave my parents house, and go to my mother's brother's, at Kirweiler in Elsace, to wait on their children. Himself and his wife treated me very hard, and because I was not able to work as much as

as they required of me, I got very little and poor victuals, and was almost every day unmercifully beaten.

When in my tenth year, we were employed in taking in the fruits from the field, it happened that a heavy thunder-shower came on, my uncle loaded me with a burden, which I was unable to carry; every third pace it pressed me to the ground, until at last I got to the barn, when I sunk down quite exhausted, and unable to rise again. When my uncle came, and found me in this situation, he was so exasperated that he stamped upon, and kicked me several paces out of the barn, as if he had a playing-ball before him; there he left me in the heaviest rain and went his way. I was for a good while quite senseless, and when, after some time, I came to myself, the pain in my side from the above treatment, was so intense, that I was unable to rise: however, after some time I effected, with a great deal of exertion, to get near a stable on my hands and knees, to get out of the heavy rain; but as I had to rise some steps, and lay hold of a bundle, or sheaf of straw, when all at once a whole heap of straw gave way, and fell down upon me, and as it were, buried me. Here I now lay utterly helples, and had just so much air, that I could draw breath. In this condition I lay for forty eight hours, from Monday till Wednesday evening, when at last my good old grand-mother, (eighty years of age) after long and anxious seeking, found me out. I could hear her weep and lament for me, and likely I could make a little noise in the straw, under which I was buried, with my feet, and one hand, which induced her by degrees to pull away the straw, until she at last found me in my wet clothes, half dead; this sight so moved her, that she set herself down with me weeping for a good while, before she had any thoughts, how to rescue me; at last she took her stick in one hand, and me by the other, and brought me to her son, my uncle, to whom she delivered me, with these words: "I had so much toil and trouble with you, but now I find that I have brought up a murderer;" at which he was silent, but his wife answered in a scornful tone, "it is, however, well that the lost piece of silver is found again." I got now quite contracted, and could not, for about a month speak a loud word; and as nobody moved a hand toward helping or

nursing me, my whole body became so stiff, that I could not move a limb, at the same time I had to endure hunger and thirst, with barbarous treatment; yea, I would have perished with hunger, had not a little boy, the first of the children I attended, had compassion, and some times shared his morsel of bread with me. Any one would have been moved to see this dear child, filled with pity, sit down with me and nurse me as the pigeon feeds her young ones. While my hard-hearted nursing parents believed, each day, it would be the last of my life, and would, not however be looked upon, that they hadwillingly killed me; they sat me in the summer season before their door in the street. In the winter my place was in a square box behind the stove; in this box I was forced to sit from one night to the other unmoveable, and if upon much intreaty, I was taken out, my aunt would lay hold of my crooked arm and treat me very roughly. This unspeakable misery, in which I spent four years, without seeing any probability of human help, forced me at last, to seek for help from above, and look for the one thing needfull. I became concerned for the salvation of my soul; I wept and prayed fervently to Jesus, that he would make an end of my sufferings, and take my soul happily to himself; and as my longing after his comforts became daily more urgent, I frequently begged the above mentioned boy to read for me from the bible, especially the acts of our Saviour's sufferings, from which I derived, under many tears, sweet consolation for my oppressed heart. In the year 1747, April 23; on this to me ever memorable day, it was that I according to custom, was again carried before the door. My heart this time unusually distressed, and my longing for deliverance was more urgent than ever. Under this pressure of soul I again begged the little boy to read to my comfort from the bible; Through God's direction he just happened to read from the Evangelists the account of our Saviour's walk on earth, restoring the blind to their sight, making the lame to walk, and healing all manner of diseases; above all others, the instance of the man with the withered hand, made a lively impression upon me. From this I received the first glimpse of hope into my heart, that my Saviour would also look upon my misery, as I,

like that man, was destitute of all human help. In the continuation of my pondering on the miracles wrought by our Saviour, my hope and confidence in him increased from moment to moment. My inward silent sighing and longing changed into loud prayers. I cried, "O my Jesus, if thou wilt help me, then will I devote myself wholly to thee;" yea I could not cease praying, for I felt as happy as though I heard his Amen, to all my petitions already resound in my soul: and lo, what was done? while I thus continued in loud prayer, I felt again for the first time, some life in my right side. It was to me, as to a person, who, after a convulsion fit, begins to feel again some motions in the limbs of his body, and these sensations gradually increased and went through my whole body, during which a most blessed feeling inspired my soul. It appeared to me, as though our Saviour, with a helping hand stood visibly before me. I endeavoured to move my benummed and stiff limbs one after another, first my right hand which lay quite crooked upon the hip, and succeeded by degrees to stretch it out, then my head, which hung down upon the right shoulder; and I could bring into its proper position, and at last my left arm and my legs, which lay across each other, and these also I could move and put into their natural position; In short, in the course of about half an hour I could stand up straight, though still weak and trembling. I was for joy and astonishment almost beside myself. The children who were about me, and especially my little reader, were also struck with surprise, which however, was soon converted into joy, the latter said to me, "thank God, now you can walk again, and eat alone." My mother's sister, who also lived in this place, came from a vineyard, happened just to pass that way, and when she saw me, stood still and beheld me with astonishment, saying, after some time, "Well, thou indeed hast great cause to return thanks to the Lord Jesus; he hath this day given thee thy life a second time, for this is thy birth-day; to-day thou art fourteen years old," at which her eyes overflowed with tears. The children ran now, quite overjoyed, to call their mother, my aunt, home, relating to her what had come to pass. When she approached, I got up and went a few paces to meet her affectionately; but how great was

my surprise, when she stared at me with imprecations, which I dare not utter, and then with her husband, whom she presently fetched, formed the strange conclusion, that my restoration must of course, be a work of Satan, and that I had entered into a league with him. I replied, "No, but I have prayed to the Lord Jesus, and he hath restored me." This the children confirmed and said, "we have heard her, dear parents, she hath done nothing, but prayed to the Lord Jesus." However, they would not believe this, and replyed, "you must not pursuade us of such a thing, for Jesus is no more in this world, and worketh no more miracles." This brought on a new trial. They insisted upon my making a confession, how I got restored, and when I simply told them, they would not believe me, and when amidst the most terrible threatenings, and hard stripes, they could not force such a confession from me, they left me again for a time, to see how it would further turn out with me. In the mean time they permitted me to go to the Rev. Mr. Bader, Minister of the place, who was an awakened man, to be instructed. This pious man got a love for me, and he gave me leave to apply to him whenever my relations ill-treated me; he came also some times to their house, and assured them, that God could still work mericles upon them, who in their distress, with their whole heart turned unto him, to this very day, the same as he had done in the days of his flesh. This had the good effect, that I had again peace for some time. At the same time he recommended me to a pious woman in our neighbourhood, who was affectionate to me, and often cheered me up under my heavy trials. Once I went into the field for the express purpose of prayer to my Saviour. I was much concerned that he might fully assure me of my soul's salvation; I therefore intreated him, that he would appear to me with his wounds, in spirit, as he did to Thomas visibly, that I might be enabled to apply to myself the whole merit of his passion and death, as the all-sufficient attonement for me, and by faith I might be so united to him, that nothing in the world should ever be able to separate me from him again. Thus I prostrated before him, determined not to rise untill I was assured that my prayer was heard. At last I fell asleep and dreamt, that

I was on a mountain, and as I was looking about me, I thought I espyed our Saviour upon the cross, yea, as if he had just now been crucified before mine eyes, and as if I saw his blood trickling down from him. Me thought I was sitting down beneath his cross, receiving his blood thinking within myself, "now I will get quite satiated!" And continuing in this meditation, to receive and enjoy the blood, flowing down from the cross, I saw a man, who said to me, "this will strengthen thee, and preserve thee unto everlasting life;" and with this I awoke, arose quite comforted, felt the cravings of my soul satisfied, was quite cheerful and serene, and with joy and confidence promised myself forever to my Saviour. My external sufferings in the mean time, still continued, and this my promise was soon put to hard trials; for as I continued visiting my pious neighbour, who was also visited by other awakened people, and this was at last found out, I was in a very rough manner called to an account; hereupon, every kind of enticements to worldly merriment, were set before me, but finding that I was unmovable in my determination, rather perish than prove unfaithful, and sin against him who had showed so great mercies to me. My relations then sent a messenger to my father, to come and assist them, in forcing me to share in worldly frolicks. He appeared and brought several more of his relations with him, and also requested several church ministers from the neighbourhood to attend him, so that there was a company of eight persons, before whom I had to appear and give an account, not only about my late marvelous restoration, but also of my intercourse with the above mentioned pious woman. I then related every thing, simply according to truth, adding before the whole company, with great freedom, that I was fully determined, wholly to live unto my Saviour, who hath shown so great mercy to me, whatever the consequence might be. With this, all were satisfied, except my father, who was highly offended, got up, layed hold of a broom-stick and said, "I will try if I can not beat these notions out of thy head." However one of the ministers present, took him by the arm and said, "not so, we will not have her treated in this manner, don't disturb her, but let her go in peace, and we shall see in time, whether her declar-

ation be well founded, we may easily commit sin in attacking such persons." In like manner also the Rev. Mr. Bader spoke in my favour again to my uncle, and he was again reconciled for a time.

But after some time, my uncle got enraged against me again, and said, "Now it is time for thee to chose; either to be like other people, and stay with us, or expect to be expelled our house, and not to be owned any more either by thy parents or us." And as I could and would not violate the conviction of my heart, and yield to a sinful life, it actually soon came to pass that my uncle and aunt turned me out of their house, bare as I was; expecting, however, that I should soon return again. But herein they found themselves mistaken, for I took it in good earnest.

I now left the house, went round the village, and when I got into the high road, began to weep bitterly, imploring our Saviour that he would graciously direct me to some people who loved him; and then went along cheerfully.

Towards evening I reached a village called Pfaffenhofen, that was quite unknown to me, and whither a man who had met me on the road, directed me. When I had got up to the first house, I sat down to rest a little. I then looked about and particularly noticed a house on the opposite side, and felt an impulse to go and call there. I did so, and knocked at the door. The mistress came out, and asked whence I came? I answered, "from Lorenzo Merger's, at Kirweiler." "Merciful God!" replied she, "are you that poor girl of Kirwailer?" Then taking me by the hand, she led me into a room, and said to her husband, "Behold there, our Saviour hath sent this poor forsaken child to us, that we should take care of it: I am willing to do so if you are satisfied." "Yes," replied he, "we will keep it." These dear people belonged to the Brethren's society; their names were Gross, and they were tavernkeepers. They treated me like their own child, loaded me with kindnesses, and I could never sufficiently express my gratitude to my Saviour, for having directed me to them, and thus happily delivered me from my long and heavy trials.

In this beloved house, I for the first time, saw a broth-

er and sister from the congregation, which created a desire in me to belong to the brethren.

Having spent eighteen months very happily with brother and sister Gross, they dismissed me with a kind recommendation to another brother and sister at Eckendorf, to attend their children; and the year following also, by their kind interposition, to Bussweiler, for to learn needle-work, that I might be enabled to earn my bread with more ease. Here I got acquainted with sister Schmutz, who kindly took me into her family, to wait on her children. Never shall I forget the faithfulness, love and kindness, which was shewn to me here, both as to my soul and body. I now learned to know sundry brothers and sisters, and got also the perusal of the congregational accounts. I begged leave to go to the congregation at Ebersdorf, but my patience was tried for three years before I could obtain this my wish.

During this time I experienced a remarkable preservation of my life: I had to go and fetch some meat from a chimney, when I had the misfortune to fall down three stories, by which I was considerably hurt in my breast and legs, but had the best care taken of me, and soon got quite well again.

In 1759 I arrived at Marienborn, and was there employed in the economy. On my journey thither, I called at Kirwailer, on my uncle! I found things much altered here; both he and she were now in the most miserable condition. He was quite crooked, and my aunt had already for some years been confined to her bed with wounds and sores. When she saw me she reached her hand to me, burst out a crying, and begged me to forgive her for having been the cause of my many past sufferings. My heart broke with compassion at this sight. I not only assured her from my heart of my forgiveness, but also that I would entreat our Saviour not to let her suffer on my account; and thus took an affectionate leave of her; but my uncle was still unfriendly to me.

This year I obtained leave to join the congregation at Ebersdorf, from whence I travelled in 1771, with a large company of brethren and sisters, to Sarepta."

SHE lived in Sarepta the remainder of her days, and

died triumphant in the faith, in the seventieth year of her age; having long merited and enjoyed the confidence of the experienced christians of that part.

ALL thanks be to God,
Who scattereth abroad
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants
A saver of grace.

ANECDOTE.

AT the time when the late Rev. George Whitfield, of happy memory, was preaching through America, God was pleased to take one of a city and two of a family, and bring them to Zion! A certain lady in New-England, became a happy subject of grace, and of course, a praying experienced christian. But she was alone in her exercises; she could influence none to pray with her, but a little daughter she had, between nine and eleven years of age. This child she took into her closet with her from day to day, a witness to her cries and tears. It pleased God, after sometime, to touch the heart of the child, and after sorrow for sin, to give her the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sin, the spirit to bear witness of her adoption. The child, being then about eleven years of age, in a transport which is peculiar to such a blessed experience, said, "O mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell every body! Pray mother, let me run to some of the neighbours and tell them, that they may be happy, and love my Saviour too." "Ah my dear child," said the mother, "that would be needless; for I suppose if you were to tell your experience, there is not one in many miles, but what would laugh at you, and say that it was all delusion."—"O mother," said the child, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to that shoemaker, and tell him; he will believe me." She ran over, and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner; and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her moth-

er's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins ; and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it ! The shoe-maker was struck : his tears flowed down like rain : he threw aside his work, and cried for mercy, by prayer and supplication : that alarmed the neighbourhood, and in a few months from that time, there were above fifty people brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and experienced his power and grace. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Then let it spread till the universe is filled with the glory of God.

POOR JOSEPH.

A POOR, half-witted man, named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands and carry parcels, passing through London streets one day, heard psalms singing in a place of worship. He went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders. It was Dr. Calamy's meeting-house, St. Martins, Aldermanbury. A very well dressed audience surrounded the Doctor : he read the text in 1 Tim. i. 15. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation ; that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief."—From this he preached, in the clearest and simplest manner, the ancient apostolic gospel, the contents of this faithful saying, viz. that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinners, solely through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the God that made all things : Not many noble are called by this doctrine, (saith the apostle) but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty.

While the elegant assembly carelessly heard this doctrine, and if they were struck with any thing at all, it was only with some brilliant expression, or well turned period that dropped from the doctor, Joseph in rags gazed with astonishment ! He never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he said, and trudging homeward, he was heard thus muttering to himself: "Joseph never heard this ; Jesus Christ the God who made all things ; came into the world to save

sinners like Joseph, and this is true, and it is a faithful saying."

Not long after this, Joseph was seized with a fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed on his bed, his constant language was, "Joseph is the chief of sinners, but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves him for this." His neighbours who came to see him, wondered at hearing him always dwelling on this and only this. Some of the religious sort addressed him in the following manner: "but what say you of your own heart, Joseph? is there no good about it? no s ving change there? have you closed with Christ, by acting faith upon him?" "Ah no, (says he) Joseph can act nothing; Joseph has nothing to say for himself, but just that he is the chief of sinners: yet seeing that it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, he who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, why may not Joseph after all be saved?" One man finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he dwelt so uniformly with such delight, went and asked Doctor Calamy to come and visit him. He came, but Joseph was very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the Doctor's arrival, he took no notice of him; but when the Doctor began to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, he instantly sprang on his elbows and seizing him by the hand, exclaimed as loud as he could, with his now feeble and trembling voice, "O sir, you are the friend of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I heard speak so well of him, and whom I love for what you said of him. Joseph is the chief of sinners, but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph? O pray to that Jesus for me: pray that he may save me. tell him that Joseph thinks he loves him for coming into the world to save such sinners as Joseph." The Doctor prayed; when he concluded Joseph thanked him most kindly; he then put his hand under his pillow and took out an old rag, in which was tyed up five gumeas, and putting it in the Doctor's hand, (which he had kept all this time close in his) he thus addressed him; "Joseph in his folly had laid this up to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age. Take it and divide it among the poor friends

of the Lord Jesus, and tell them that Joseph gave it them for his sake who came into the world to save sinners of whom he is the chief." So saying he reclined his head, his exertions in talking had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired.

Dr. Calamy left this scene, but not without shedding tears over Joseph, and used to tell this little story with much feeling, and as one of the most affecting occurrences he ever met with.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE SICKNESS AND DEATH OF THE REVEREND MR. SMITH,

Late of Bottetourt county, in Virginia.

THE day before he was taken sick, he left Bottetourt court-house, as the town is called, to attend the races over the mountain, on Fisher's creek. Before he started he drank near a quart of spirits; some of the company told him he would kill himself; his reply was, "I do'nt care how soon, for I believe there is no one more unhappy out of hell than I am." He then mounted his horse and ran him near ten miles across a mountain which was in the way, and so steep that with some difficulty a waggon could cross it.

He stayed at the races, and won and lost by gaming and betting, all day and part of the night. He went to lodge at a certain Mr. Walker's that night, very drunk. He was put into the best bed, as he was their minister.—In the night he awoke and called for water; they gave him a cup full, which he drank, and desired that the pail, which was full, might be set by the bed-side, and he drank the whole up by morning. He was then taken with an ague, and from that a violent fever ensued, with delirium, which was alarming. In his delirium he would strive to climb the wall of the house, and fret and storm, saying, "how can I get out!" When he was a little pacified he would say, "well, sit out the table, put on the cloth, hand the cards, cut, cut for deal, the deal is

mine, and hearts are trumps :" then swear he was sure of the game.

The family were alarmed, and as it is common in such cases to be solemn, the young woman and her brother, who watched by him by turns, would get the bible and read and look over it silently; but they soon observed it made him more outrageous, till at length in a tone of displeasure, he asked Miss Walker if they were to have preaching there that day? She said "No." He replied with a canting tone of voice, "I did not know but some of you were going to preach, and be very godly; for your brother had that book not long since: I suppose you are all agoing to be very good." He continued to fret and satarize them, till, she confessed to me, she felt ashamed of the bible, and had to put it away as easy as possible out of his sight; and the next day he expired in that awful manner. This information I had from the family in the year 1787.

"O my soul, come not into their secrets; and to their assemblies be thou not united."

THE EXPERIENCED CHRISTIAN's LOVE TO CHRIST.

WHAT is this love to Christ? It is a spiritual fire kindled from above in the hearts of true believers, towards their bridegroom, the Lord Jesus Christ:—It is a spark of the fire of the Holy Ghost, struck into the experienced christian's soul, which immediately smokes and sends up a flame to the source from whence it first sprang: It is the soul's rest, or reposal of itself on the bosom of Christ, with content unspeakable and glory; being persuaded in him according to Cant. vi. 3. "I am my well beloved's, and my well beloved is mine." This is the nature of love to Christ.

There is a two-fold love; one of desire, which is an earnest longing after that which we believe would do us much good, if we could attain to it; another of complacency, when having attained that which we desire, we embrace it, and solace ourselves in the fruition of it.—

Now, the first of these loves is an introduction to the second; and both of them (in relation to Christ) issue from a proportionable act of faith precedent. That affectionate longing and thirsty love, wherewith we pant and gasp after Christ, proceeds from the first acts of faith, whereby we assent to all gospel promises, as true and good in themselves, and better unto us than any thing in the world, could we but once be assured that they belong unto us. That other love of complacency, when, (with the Psalmist) we return unto our rest, because the Lord hath dealt bountifully with us; when sweetly we repose ourselves in the lap of our Saviour with content unspeakable, and full of glory; it proceeds from the last act of faith, whereby we are actually persuaded by those welcome whispers of the spirit of adoption, that certainly Christ is our Saviour, and that our debts are cancelled to the very last mite. Only observe these two things of this love: 1st. that it is subject to variations, or changes; ebbings and flowings of that persuasion: sometimes in violent temptation our persuasion fails, and so this love of complacency is either stupified, or it falls back into that thirsty anxious love of desire. 2d. That this love of complacency admits of degrees proportionable to the degrees of our persuasion: if that be clear and strong, this love is more cheerful and pleasant; if that be weak and obscure, this love is more cold, with many fears and jealousies. Whence this love of complacency may not unfitly be subdivided into an ordinary and extraordinary love: ordinary love proceeds from a weak degree of that last act of faith; extraordinary love springeth from a more eminent and transcendant pitch of persuasion, concerning our own reconciliation in particular: it is called ordinary because most experienced christians do ordinarily feel but such a timorous love in themselves: it is called extraordinary, because it is constantly in such only as either, besides the evidence of the word and spirit, have had some special revelation to put them out of all doubt concerning their acceptance with God; or in such as by a certain close walking with God, have been long exercised in a christian course, have often entertained Christ Jesus at supper in their hearts, and habituated themselves into a more familiar acquaintance with that

holy spirit, which brings all the good news from heaven, to those dilligent souls which carefully wait for it.

But whence this love? The apostle is plain; "we love *him* because *he* first loved us:" When the spirit of God in the promises, lets some intimation of God's love into the soul, then she loves him again. That expression of the psalmist, "The Lord will command his loving kindnesses in the day time," is pertinent to this: it is a phrase taken from kings and princes and great commanders in the field, whose words of command stand for laws: so the Lord sends out his loving kindness, saying, "go out, my everlasting love and kindness; take a commission from me, go to that humble, thirsty, hungry soul; go and prosper and prevail, and settle my love effectually upon him; I command thee to do it." It may be at the first visit the poor soul cries out, "what, I love? what, I find mercy? will Christ Jesus accept of me? Oh, I am the worst of sinners! Could I pray or perform duties, as some others do, I might have some hopes of mercy: but what, is it possible that the Lord of heaven should love me?" "Yes, thee, even thee," saith the Lord: "Go out, my loving kindness, to that poor soul; open the doors of that weary weltering heart; knock off those bolts of carnal reason, and all base arguments, and warm that broken, bruised, humbled soul; and tell from me, that his sins are pardoned, his sighs and prayers are heard, and he shall be saved: I charge thee do the work before thou comest in again." This is the immediate cause of love to Christ: God's love thus affecting the heart, it breeds a love in the heart to God again. "I drew them, (saith God) with the cords of a man, even with the bands of love."

And what are the effects of this love? It hath many gracious and blessed effects: It will make the soul to rejoice in Christ's presence, to grieve in his absence, to please him in all things, to desire union with him, if it causeth the loss of every earthly comfort; to deny itself of any thing that may come in competition with Christ; To account all things but dross and dung, for the knowledge of Christ; to be content with nothing but love again from the party beloved; to be ever thinking and meditating on the Lord Jesus Christ; to be frequently speaking

of Christ: Love is full of eloquence in the praises of her beloved; so is the soul's love to the Lord Jesus Christ. O how that spouse of Christ runs on in a description of his transcendancies! "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand;" (or as it is more elegantly in the original, he is an ensign bearer among ten thousand;) "he is altogether lovely;" (or, he is all entire, he is all composed of loves) Betwixt those verses (10 and 16) there is a description of Christ, so filled with the choicest delicacies of expression, that it cannot be matched out of any of those poets who have flown high in amorous inventions: at last he concludes with a triumphant sentence, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!" Nay, love will make the soul not only speak, but do any thing for the Lord Jesus Christ. "O then," she cries, "how may I please Christ better? what duty must I do, and what sins must I avoid? if there be any of the bed-chamber of the bridegroom, tell me, I beseech ye, how may I hear and pray and walk, and approve my heart to my Christ and king, that nothing may displease him?" Lastly, love will make the soul suffer for Christ, and to rejoice in such sufferings; it is a fire that much water of persecution cannot quench; nay, it feeds on those waters, and grows hotter by them: as opposition riseth against it, so it riseth against opposition; yea, it riseth by it, until it riseth above it. But to inflame our love upon Christ, consider whereunto it is described by the outgoings of such a soul; By the parched ground—"my soul thirsteth for thee in a land where no water is." By the panting of a chased hart—"as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God" By holy longings—"I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord, and thy law is my delight." By the fainting and sickening of one who is overcome—"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that ye tell him I am sick of love." Such souls are commonly transported above measure.

The scripture expresses those testimonies of love to the Lord Jesus; "if God be your father, (said Christ to the Jews,) then will ye love me;" and thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee,

and we will remember thy love more than wine; the upright love thee. "We love him (saith the apostle) because he loved us first;" "I will love thee (saith David) O Lord, my strength;" "I will cause those that love me, (saith wisdom) to inherit substance;" "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my father, and I will love him, and I will manifest my love unto him." "Look upon me, (saith David) and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that loved thy name." Thus for information of judgment, now for the stiring up (O my soul!) of thy affections; and herein O my soul, think on the act and on the object; the act is love! O divine love! O the pleasures! O the joys of this love! It is love that sets a price on all other duties. The least service, even a cup of cold water, or a widow's mite, if it have but a grain of this love in it, is a most acceptable sacrifice to God; it is love that hath the promises of this life, and that which is to come. I will cause those that love me, to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures; yea, there is a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him; it is love that by Christ secures to us all the glorious privileges flowing from Christ as reconciliation, adoption, forgiveness of sins, justification, righteousnes, wisdom, sanctification, redemption, possession of all things; all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollo, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and you are Christ's and Christ is God's. The object is Christ, and Oh who can think of this love of Christ, and not be ravished therewith! Had I a thousand hearts to bestow on Christ, they were all too little, they were never able to love him sufficiently; it is the Lord Jesus that is all strength, and all wisdom, and honour, and all beauty. The fountain of all graces and virtues, and qualities in men, whatsoever graces, or virtue, or quality is in us, they are but so many rays that come from this sun of righteousness; he is fairer than the children of men, and grace eminently poured into his lips; he is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand, his head is as fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven, his eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters washed with

milk and fitly set, his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers, his lips like lillies dropping down sweet smelling myrrh, his hands are as gold rings set with beryl, his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars, his mouth is most sweet, yea, he is altogether lovely. Here! O here is an object well worthy of love! here thou mayest be sure thou canst not love too much; come and see, this is he whose name is wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the prince of peace; this is he who is the first and the last; who is and was, and is to come; who hath made our peace by the blood of his cross, and hath prepared us with himself an habitation of peace; his voice now to us, is the voice of peace; draw near and behold him. He who called Thomas to draw near, and to see the prints of the nails, and to put his finger into the wounds; he it is, who calleth us saying, come near, I am your Saviour, your brother, whom you slighted and sold. He who called to them to behold his sorrows in the day of his humility, now calls on us to behold his glory; in this his day of exaltation, look well upon him: Dost thou not know him? it is he who brought thee out of the deep pit, and miry clay; it is he who reversed the sentence of thy damnation, who bore thy sins, which thou must forever have borne, and restored thee to those blessings which thou hadst forfeited and lost forever, and purchased the inheritance which the righteous shall inherit forever; and shall we not know him? Yea, when he cometh with ten thousands of his saints, we shall be able to distinguish him from them; his hands pierced, his head pierced, his side pierced, and his heart pierced; although they will not bleed then, the deep scars are there; and by these we may always know him. Can we ever forget the time he was wounded to cure our wounds, and let his own blood flow to stop our bleeding? The passage to his heart is still open, if we should not know him by the face from some others; the voice, the hands, or the bloody scars; by looking a little closer, we shall know him by the heart, that broken pierced heart is his; that once dead, but now revived heart is his; that soul-pitying, melting heart is his; no other can shew such marks; love and compassion are its certain signatures. *(Concluded in our next.)*

ANECDOTE.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, there was a great revival of religion in Calvert county, state of Maryland; a certain man who lived some distance from the place with his family, heard of it from time to time. Himself and his family became desirous to know what it meant, but it being in a busy time of the year among farmers, they had not time to go and see for themselves; but at length the old gentleman told his sons if they would undertake to carry on business without him, he would take a day from harvest and go, and bring the news, they heartily agreed and sent the old man off. In the evening he returned, the boys hurried in to hear the news; he began by saying, my children, this day has been a day of wonder and grief; I have understood more than ever I did from the bible, I am a guilty poor sinful creature, and have never taken any thought to alter my course; and what adds to my grief, is, that I have brought you up my children, in folly; and, I have taught you to sin, but not to pray; O that God would pardon, and that you would pardon me in this thing, I never have prayed with you, I have kept house many years, and never prayed in it. Now my dear children, if you will agree to it, I will now begin, and ask God to forgive me, and begin that which I have so long neglected. After reading in the bible that chapter from which the text had been taken, in tears he attempted to pray, and while he was at prayer one of his sons found peace to his soul, while the poor old man remained still under the law and in deep sorrow for sin, and near all the family became seriously concerned for their soul's salvation.

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

A CERTAIN man, near the Alleghany mountain in Pennsylvania, was missing, which caused great stir in the neighbourhood; they were at a loss to think whether Indians had taken him, or whether he had been bit by a rattle-snake, and died in the woods. His dog not coming home was also strange; they searched the wood for days,

till all were hopeless, and gave him up for dead, supposing that some wild beast had killed him and his dog also. But after sixteen days his dog came home, so poor that he reeled as he walked, from which they conjectured he was dead, and that the dog had been watching him all that time. They tried to find him by the dog, but the poor creature had lost all spirit, and they could do nothing.—In the fall the hunters found the body, his gun left about thirty paces from him; he was untouched by any animal, for the dog had lain close by him during sixteen days in hot weather, and, as they supposed, without eating or drinking, They judged he came by his death from the bite of a rattle-snake.

ANECDOTE.

A Young man in the Red-stone settlement, was in the habits of wickedness, and used to curse his father and mother whenever they offended him, (which is the only instance of the kind I ever heard of in America.) He took his dog and his gun one day, to go out a hunting; his dog returned before night, they expected the man would soon be in; the dog vomited in the house, and they observed something like human hair in the contents, and on examination were apprehensive that it was the hair and skin of their son's head. They went in search of him, and found him killed and scalped under a beach in the woods, and that the dog had eaten the skin of his temples.

"The eye that mocketh at a father, or despiseth the instructions of a mother, the raven shall pluck it out and the eagle destroy it."

Them who sin against Nature's God, Nature will step out of her common road to punish.

CHRIST's LAST CHARGE CONCERNING SINNERS.

"*Bind them in bundles and burn them.*"

BE amazed, O heavens! and tremble thou earth! Let all creatures stand astonished, all nature! while the wicked are thus sentenced. These tares must have chains proportioned to their sins, not one bundle but many bundles. An adulterer with an adultress, a drunkard with a drunkard, a liar with a liar, &c. As their several sins, so several bundles; all are punished in the same fire, but all are not punished in the same degree; some have heavier chains, and some have lighter; but all in just weight and measure. The proud shall be trodden under foot, the glutton suffer great hunger, the drunkard feel a burning throat, the covetous pine in want, the adulterer cohabit with serpents, dragons and scorpions.

Where is the proud lady and her followers? then piled for the furnace, you that jig with your balls, and bracelets, rings, jewels, and changes of suits; think but what a change will come, when you all, like birds of a feather, must be bound together in a bundle. What then will your pride avail you, or your riches profit you, or your gold do you good, or your treasures help you, when you must be constrained to vomit up your riches, the increase of your houses departing away, and a fire not blown consume you and them. Job xx. 26. The rich man in the gospel could for a time go richly, fair sumptuously, and that not only on Sabaths and high days, but every day; yet, no sooner had death seized on his body, but he had to alter both his suit and diet; hear him, how he begs for water, who once had plenty of wines, and see him who was clothed in purple, drest in another suit, yet the same colour, even the purple flames; his delicate morsels must want a draught of water, and his appearl cost him so dear as his immortal all. Suppose one should ask him the reason why he has come to this? The time was, that purple and fine linnen was thy apparel, that banquets of sumptuous dishes were thy common fair; but now, not the poorest begger, even Lazarus himself, would change states with thee, change, no! remember what

Abraham said, " that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus has received his evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." But those other bundles, where is gluttony and her votaries? Do we not see how the earth is ploughed, sea furrowed, and all to furnish one epicure's table. The islands sènd fruit, Canton sugars, Arabia spices, France sweet-meats, and Spain wine; our own country cannot supply them, but foreign countries must present their balms to these belly gods, but what dainties have such nobles when they come to hell? The lazy epicure sweating at his long meals crieth out, how much do we suffer on account of the badness of our markets, or inattention of our cooks? But alas how much will they suffer where their meat is fire, the attendants devils, the music groans, and time without end the sauce of every dish? See here the provision of the damned; their chains loose not, their fire cools not, their worm dies not, their woes end not; such gall must bitter every morsel. God hath proportioned this punishment for these sheaves, they are sent from surfeiting, to an empty dungeon, who send the poor away empty.

But more bundles yet; where is drunkenness and her votaries? Lo they are trodden under foot, saith the prophet; they whose tables were full of vomit and filthiness, are now driven to that scarcity and want, that not a glass of wine, nor a cup of cyder, nor a draught of water can be got in hell for them. Sin must have its punishment in its just proportion; the tongue of that man, who has turned down so manyglasses of brandy, cannot procure in hell one drop of water to cool it In his tongue he sinned; in his tongue he is tormented; fiery heat bred scorching thirst, yet he who denieth the poor man a crumb, is forever denied one drop of water. How often doth the drunkard deprive his children of the very bread they should eat, by spending it on himself and drunken harlots, and idling his moments away by sitting in taverns when he should work to provide some thing for himself and his children. O drunkards! fear those flames which will one day scorch your tongues; here you may refresh yourself by sleep when you have too much, or by idle company, when you are after more, but hereafter you

shall find no means to moderate these pains; sleep there is none, despair will keep you awake to your misery forever; friends there will be none, you may indeed have company, as you loved it in this world, but they will be none others but the devils, and such ghosts as yourselves, all in the same condemnation, all God's enemies, all under his heavy displeasure. Who would not be sober, that knows what portion must fall to such gospel slighters. Their mouth dry as dust, their tongues red as fire, their throats parched to a coal, their bowels clung together as a burning parchment; as the pleasure, so the pain; "he is comforted and thou art tormented."

And yet more bundles; where is covetousness and her gripers? O the iron age we live in! where was ever less love? ever more dissembling? The covetous hoardeth, holdeth or puts his money out to usury, but never without surety, pledges, mortgages, bills or bonds; think of these bonds, ye misers, that must bind you in bundles; had you then ten thousand worlds of gold, all brim full of jewels, you would cast them at the foot of some Lazarus for one drop of water, or one puff of wind to cool any part or piece of your tormented members, he that had no pity shall have no pity, he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy. Thus to pay the coveteous in their own coin, coffers and chests shall be brought before them, and devils ring them a peal of ill-gotten coin, pounds shillings and pence, or eagles, dollars, cents and dimes, shall sound through their ears. Thus will justice satisfy him who could never be satisfied in the world; his gold will want no weight, his silver is not scarce, mountains and loads are prepared for him to his everlasting torment.

Yet more bundles: Where is adultery with her minions? Behold ugly fiends do embrace them, and the fiends of hell be as their bosom concubines. I have read somewhere, but do not deliver it as a truth, but as a hypothesis, that a voluptuous man, who forced himself into hell, as it were prematurely, was saluted in this peaceful manner: "First Lucifer commands a chair to be fetched, and forthwith an iron chair, red hot with sparkling fire, was bro't and he set thereon: Lucifer then commanded that music should be brought, as he was used to have it to make him

merry; a sort of musicians came with hot glowing trumpets, brought them to his ears and sounded them: This being done, Lucifer commanded again that according to his former wish and exercise, he should have his concubine; on this they brought him a bed of fire, where fiends gave him kisses, fiery serpents hung about his neck, and a gnawing worm sucked blood from his heart." But we can gather from scripture what a reception the damned will have when they first come to hell: Their eyes will swell, their ears glow, their nostrils snuff up flames, their mouths taste bitterness, and for the sense of feeling according to the measure of their sins, they are wrapped in the embraces of stinking flames; and as there is no recreation in these smoky vaults, this unhappy dungeon, there is no order, all horror; no singing, all howling; no ditty but woe, no sound but shrieks, no beauty, all deformity, no perfumes but sulphur: pray let the thoughts of this place cool your lusts, or your pleasure will end in pain.

You see now, experienced christian, what tares are to be bundled; O then, having a little time, let us labour to pluck them from this place of torments: that the proud may be humbled, the epicure fast, the drunkard pray, the adulterer pull down his body, the covetous lay out his bags to feed the poor; or they will all have to go down to the grave in sorrow, and stand and tremble when Christ shall come to judge the world in righteousness.

A POEM,
ON THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourse join
And deep descending seize the burning mine;
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
'Tis all confusion, tumult and amaze.
When lo! a cloud just opening on the view,
Illum'd with dazzling light th' ethereal blue!
On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning and his robes a flame;
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face brightened as the blazing sun:

His limbs with heaven's ærial vesture glow;
And o'er his head was hung the sweeping bow.
As shines the brighten'd steel's refulgent beam,
When the smooth blade reflects the sparkling glea m,
Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays:
So flam'd his wings along the ethereal road,
And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.
Sublime he tower'd, keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd his red'ning bolt that rends the skies;
One foot stood firmly on the extended plain,
Secure; and one repell'd the bounding main:—
He shook his arm—the lightnings burst away,
Thro' heaven's dark concave gleam'd the pallid ray;
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous thro' the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.
Then to his lips a mighty trump appli'd,
(The flames had ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders died,
While the revolving firmament rebounds,
He raised his voice and labour'd in the sound:
These dreadful words he spoke:—
"Be dark thou sun! in one eternal night,
And cease thou moon! to rule with paler light;
Ye planets! drop from these dissolving skies;
Rend all ye tombs! and all ye dead arise;
Ye winds! be still; ye tempests! rage no more;
And roll thou deep! thy millions to the shore;
Earth! be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high,
And time be lost in vast eternity.
Now by creation's dread tremendous Sire,
Who sweeps these stars, as atoms in his ire;
By heaven's omnipotent, unconquer'd King;
By HIM who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing;
Who reigns sublime in his august abode,
Forms, or confounds, with one commanding nod;
Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful brow,
Whose glance like lightning, looks all nature thro'.
"BY HIM I swear!"—(he paus'd and bow'd his head,
"ATTEND ye saints! who in seraphic lays,
Exalt his name, but tremble while ye praise:
Ye hosts! that bow to your Almighty Lord,
Hear all his works! th' irrevocable word—
Thy reign O man! and earth! thy days are o'er.
I swear by HIM, that time shall be no more;"
He spoke, (all nature groan'd a loud reply)
Then took the sun and tore him from the sky.

W. B.